

Mounted

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by [KissTheCannibal](#)

Summary

At fifteen, Will Graham makes a contract with a stag in a lake. Two and a half years later, Hannibal is his legal guardian and Will can hardly imagine a world without him.

Notes

I wrote this when I was half asleep forgive meeee
Unbetad OH LAWD

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Do you accept the contract?”

Will blinked slowly, staring out into the dark, empty murk of lake water. Another pulse of red and he could make out the shape of a stag. Dread was heavy as an anvil in his stomach.

“Yes,” he said. It was still strange to hear himself so clearly under ten feet of water. “Yes, I accept.”

There was a disturbance beneath him where his toes curled in the lake bed. Dark sand erupted as a thicket of black antlers burst through, winding up around him and rushing him towards the surface. Just as he was about to break the water a hand reached in to smack into his belly. Cool fingers gripped hard at the bare flesh and a hideous pain made him lurch in shock, a flurry of bubbles streaming from his lips and beating him to fresh air.

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The curtains snapped as they were swept aside and sunlight poured out over him. Will forced an eye open in time to see Hannibal with his back turned to him. The shirt was a particularly sinful shade of wine red and its sleeves were rolled up to the elbow. He moved deftly from the windows to the closet where Will's clothes were carefully selected and laid out on the foot of the bed. Will turned his head towards the welcome aroma of coffee. A cup, already prepared to his liking, was waiting on his bedside table.

“Good morning, Will.”

He ignored the greeting in favor of a good stretch and the satisfied noises that accompanied it. When he was finished, both hands went straight for the coffee.

“For today's breakfast, I've prepared poached salmon and mint salad. Side dishes of toast, scones, and campagne have been baked. Which would you prefer?” He came to a stop at the side of the bed, a dressing robe held open for the boy still lounging in it.

Will set the coffee he'd been nursing aside and slid his legs out from under the sheets. He trusted the slippers had been set where his feet would land and, as always, he wasn't disappointed. He needed only to lift his arms for the robe to slip onto him. Soft cotton trimmed with silk gathered around him and was tied at the waist.

When his eyes were open again, Hannibal was already gone, off to finish the meal preparations. Will dragged himself into the bathroom nearby to relieve himself and brush his teeth. The mirror was too wide, he thought with a flicker of irritation. Brush abandoned and minty suds threatening to spill down his chin, he reached down to undo the belt of his robe. Rich blue fabric fell apart to reveal his bare chest and flat stomach. The seal was still just above the navel, dark as a tattoo. He ran a hand over it and imagined a day where he'd find it missing and Hannibal along with it.

The fantasy evaporated in a moment.

When he was finished getting dressed, he trotted down the steps and went straight into the dining room. The table was already set for one and the double doors behind his seat stood open. Light and warmth filled every corner of the room.

The moment Will had taken a seat, Hannibal breezed in from the kitchen with his plate. He had another question at the ready for when he set it down. "Will you be having another cup of coffee or should I start a kettle for tea?"

"I'll stick with the coffee, thanks."

"Very well."

He waited for his cup to arrive before starting with an eager bite of scone. Hannibal was standing by not too far away, waiting for any potential requests or objections. Will felt the tension he had been holding onto slip from his shoulders. The placid expression of boredom was fixed in place.

"Shouldn't you be getting ready, Hannibal?" he asked without an ounce of genuine curiosity.

The doctor was unfazed. "I'm afraid my first appointment of the day was canceled. We won't be rushing out of the house this morning."

"You're hovering." No point in beating around the bush, he supposed.

"My sincerest apologies, though I must remind you I spent a good deal of the last century serving as a butler. Old habits die hard." He was quick to busy himself with the glass doors behind them. If he left them open any longer, the room would get too warm.

"Must've been one hell of a butler," the boy scoffed through a bite of salmon.

"That was the idea." Will could hear a smile in that voice, but Hannibal had already vanished.

He reappeared just in time to collect the empty cup and plate, decked out in the rest of his plaid ensemble. The boy quit the room with a gust of breath and took the stairs two at a time. His bed had been made and his schoolbag sat neatly on the duvet. He crashed forward into the careful arrangement of pillows with his phone and spent the next half hour trying to amuse himself. He could feel the disapproval at his back when Hannibal materialized in the door.

Will was in no rush to pull himself up again and only committed one hand to retrieving his bag. The rest of his attention was absorbed by the phone, which was promptly removed from his grasp. He lifted his head to meet Hannibal's maroon stare head on.

"I trust you haven't forgotten tonight's engagement."

"Refresh my memory," the boy replied lowly.

"Agent Crawford will be joining us for dinner tonight. You'll be expected to attend."

Will could refuse, of course, he was contractually in charge. Hannibal was already rearranging the pillows and smoothing the sheets.

“Are you insinuating that I won’t be in attendance?”

Hannibal had no immediate response. The conversation resumed on the way to Hannibal’s Bentley. “There will be no avoiding it this time, Will. Next he’ll be breaking down the door to get to you.”

“Isn’t that what you’re supposed to protect me from?” He refused to even look Hannibal’s way once he was seated and buckled in. “I thought the whole point of this was to keep me sane,” he murmured when the engine began to purr.

The doctor canted his head just slightly, a very reptilian gesture, and wet his lips in thought. “You’ll have lost every ounce of sanity if you go on like this. You get moodier with every passing day. Think of it as exercise to keep you out of entropy.”

“Having a psychotic episode at a crime scene is a fucking weird workout routine, Doc.”

“Language.” They were pulling onto the road and cruising through the canopy of trees. “I doubt you’ll be taken to crime scenes straight away.”

“That helps.”

End Notes

AYYY You made it down here.

I'll be putting this in a series with a spacedogs version I've already started.

For those who are slightly familiar with Black Butler, I have almost no idea what Hannibal's pentagram seal looks like.

Send help.

My Tumblr is sawscalesandstags

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!